DRAMATIC EPISODES IN CANADA'S STORY

CHARLES W. JEFFERYS, R.C.A.

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DRAMATIC EPISODES
in
CANADA'S STORY

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Written and Illustrated by

CHARLES W. JEFFERYS, R.C.A.

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A Prefatory Note

N the selection of the episodes pictured and described herein, I have had no intention of attempting to present the most important or significant events in the history of Canada. This, in any case, would be a matter of opinion, of varying points of view. My aim has been merely to pick out from the great mine of Canadian history a few fragments that may suggest its richness in human interest and its wealth of picturesque and dramatic incident.

Little more than four hundred years cover the recorded story of Canada: a brief span in the life of mankind. That short period has stretched from savagery to civilization. Living men and women, in some sections, as in the west, can remember a country as primitive as that which the earliest explorers found. Our history is largely a history of a constantly moving frontier. The wilderness has always been its neighbour. Human warfare it has known; but the greater and the unremitting conflict has been the taming of nature's forces to human needs. The conquest of distance is its first necessity; the canoe, the snow-shoe, the sledge, the axe, were its earliest weapons; to-day the aeroplane, the tractor, the railway, and the steamship or motor boat carry on this continual conflict.

The presence of untamed nature thus gives a marked character to our history. It is to a great extent an open air history. Its most dramatic events have taken place not in council chambers or in the courts of kings, but in the forests, and on the lakes and rivers and prairies. Its scenes are set in a background of picturesque and impressive landscape. The tapestry of forest foliage; the architecture of primeval rocks; the perspective of mountain ranges; the far spaces of water and sky and rolling plains. The weather, the climate and the topography are essential factors that give an elemental character to the story.

In the pictorial reconstruction of these episodes I have tried to keep as close as possible to recorded facts, to be accurate in detail, where details are available, and to reduce the amount of artistic license to a minimum. Details on many important points are lacking in our historical records. We have no authentic portraits, for instance, of Cartier, or Champlain, or Frontenac, or La Vérendrye; we have not even any description of their physical characteristics; we know not whether they were tall or short, dark or fair, stout or slender. The artist is compelled, therefore, to construct their figures from his own conceptions, aided by his knowledge of their actions, and such hints as he can gather from their words as to their characters and temperaments. Probability and the logic of the situation are often our only guides in picturing the past. These drawings, therefore, must be considered as imaginative conceptions. I have based them on authentic data, and have not neglected minor facts; but I hope that they may also convey something of the spirit and the larger significance of the events they depict. If they visualize in some degree the life of our past, and arouse an interest in the common heritage of our country's history, their main purpose will be fulfilled.

Charles W. Jefferys

Cabot and the New Found Land

In the summer of 1493 the news had spread throughout Europe that a sea captain of Genoa, one Christopher Columbus, had sailed across the Western Ocean for the King of Spain, and found the Indies. Neither he nor any other man then knew that the land he had found was an unknown continent which lay between the old European world and Asia. Many men had dreamed of a way to the Orient by a western voyage. Among them was another native of Genoa, Giovanni Cabotto, or John Cabot,* as later he came to be called. In 1461, Cabot went to Venice and became a citizen of that great trading port, and spent many years voyaging in the Eastern Mediterranean and the Red Sea. Here he learned much about the countries of the far East, of India and Persia and China, heard tales of rich and populous cities, of royal palaces, and great temples, of mines of gold and precious stones, and of the wealth to be gained by the trade in silks and spices.

In 1484 he went to England with the Venetian traders and settled there for some years. Cabot knew that he could not interest the merchants of Venice in his project of a western route to Asia, since if that were established, Venice would be no longer the great importing centre for the products of the East. Both he and Columbus realized that their hopes lay in interesting the countries on the Atlantic seaboard in the new route. So, while Columbus went to Portugal and Spain, Cabot sought to attract the merchants and rulers of England by the prospects of the plan he had in mind. He talked to the merchants of London and Bristol, the two great English seaports of that time; but none ventured to support the experiment. Then came the news of what Columbus and the Spaniards had done. Cabot's idea had been shown to be possible, and the hard-headed English merchants began to think more favourably of his visionary project. In the winter of 1495-6 the King of England, Henry VII, visited Bristol. He was shrewd, cautious and money-loving. In Bristol, no doubt, he heard much about Cabot and his plans. Probably he listened to Cabot himself. He became interested, and he gave Cabot and his sons permission to make a voyage, to sail under the King's colours, and, in the language of his charter, authorized them to take possession of any cities, islands or mainland which they might discover—on condition that they bore all costs and gave him one-fifth of all the profits. It was a shrewd bargain and cost Henry nothing, for he supplied no money, and Cabot and his partners were to take all the risks and do all the work.

Cabot gathered a crew of eighteen men, nearly all of them English, and fitted out a small ship, called the Matthew, and on the second of May, 1497, sailed out of the harbour of Bristol into the Atlantic Ocean. Northward and westward the little ship made her way across the unknown waters, buffeting against variable winds for fifty-two days until, on June 24th, land came in sight. What land was it? From the descriptions it is hard to tell. Some say it was the island still called Newfoundland, others Labrador, but the opinion of most modern students is that it was Cape Breton. Wherever it was, as the ship neared its shores, every eye watched eagerly for the great cities, the palaces, the temples and castles, of which they were to take possession. They saw only waves breaking on miles of lonely beach, and rocky cliffs crowned with heavy forests. Cabot and his men went ashore: the first Englishmen to set foot in North America. They set up a cross and planted beside it the banners of England and Venice, and thus claimed all the country for the King of England. They met no inhabitants; but they saw signs of human life: trees rudely chopped, and snares for wild animals. The land appeared fertile and Cabot thought that he had reached the northeastern extremity of Asia, and that the populous cities, the mines of gold and the islands of silk and spices and jewels were only a short

* The accepted pronunciation of Cabot is with the t sounded and with the first syllable slightly stressed.

distance beyond. He did not tarry, or go farther; but stopping only long enough to take on board firewood and fresh water, set sail for home with the news that he had found the way to the East by sailing westward.

Henry was delighted with Cabot's reports and the prospect of immense wealth which his discovery promised. Cabot was given a present of ten pounds and a pension of twenty pounds a year. He became the lion of the hour, and strutted in silken hose and doublet among the merchants, who were now eager to join his venture. He gave away islands in his new domain, one to his barber, who came from a village near his own native city of Genoa.

During the winter preparations were made for another voyage, and early in May, 1498, with two vessels and 300 men, he sailed again from Bristol. But he found only the rockbound coast of Labrador. The wind was piercing cold, though it was July, the shores were desolate and barren, the sea was filled with huge icebergs. The sailors refused to go farther north, and Cabot turned back. He searched the coasts of Nova Scotia and New England, looking for Japan and China, and at length, as his supplies were running low, he sailed home to England empty-handed. The expedition had been a failure, and he met only the discontent of those who had invested in his voyage and who expected him to bring back ship-loads of gold and jewels. The King had no further use for so unprofitable a servant, and we hear little more of Cabot, though his son, Sebastian, found employment for many years as a geographer and map-maker. To-day their names live as those of the first Europeans, since the time of the early Norsemen, to reach the mainland of North America, and the first to plant there the flag of England. By Cabot's discovery Newfoundland claims the distinction of being the oldest existing British colony.

Cabot and the New Found Land, 1497

Champlain's Fight With the Iroquois

It was Champlain's great desire to explore the country whence came the great river on whose banks he had planted the settlement of Quebec, and to search for a passage which would lead to the Western Sea. No one dreamed then of the many miles that stretched between the shores they had already discovered and the distant Pacific Ocean. The great lakes and rivers, the broad prairies, the enormous mountains, all were unknown, and only slowly, through long years and by the toilsome journeys of many explorers was the way found. Champlain had to make friends of the Algonquin and Huron Indians around him, so that they would guide him into this unknown land, and allow him to make settlements and build trading posts among them. To gain their good-will he had to promise to help them in their war with the Iroquois south of the lakes, who were their deadly enemies.

So it was in the summer of 1609, the next after the founding of the city of Quebec, that Champlain joined a party of his Indian allies on a raid into the Iroquois country. They travelled up the St. Lawrence and the river Richelieu to the lake which is now called by his name. Here they met their enemies. Both parties landed on the western shore and prepared for battle. The Iroquois sheltered themselves behind a rude stockade of tree trunks, from which they came out to attack Champlain's Indians. He, with two other Frenchmen, had hidden themselves in the woods, so as to surprise the Iroquois by their sudden appearance. Led by three chiefs, decked with tall plumes of feathers fastened in their hair, the Iroquois advanced, and the arrows flew thick on both sides. Champlain stepped forward in sight of the Iroquois, who ceased firing in their astonishment. Taking careful aim at one of the chiefs, he fired his arquebus, which he tells us he had loaded with four bullets, while at the same time his two companions fired from the woods. Two of the chiefs fell dead and a third was wounded. The Iroquois, who had never seen a white man, and knew nothing of firearms, became panic-stricken and fled. It was an easy victory, but the attack drew upon the French the hatred of the Iroquois, and for more than a hundred years the settlers of Canada suffered all the horrors of savage warfare for this alliance of Champlain with the Northern Indians.

The accompanying illustration represents Champlain dressed in the costume of a musketeer of the early seventeenth century. Sometimes light steel armour, such as breastplates and thigh-pieces, was worn; but probably Champlain, travelling in summer and by canoe in the wilderness, wore only a sleeveless outer coat of thick buff-coloured leather, an under coat or shirt with sleeves, loose cloth knee-breeches, buckskin leggings and moccasins, and a broad-brimmed hat. His heavy and clumsy weapon is an arquebus, an early form of the musket, which was loaded at the muzzle and fired by means of a slow-burning fuse, a long cord of rope or tow, the lighted end of which was brought into contact with the powder at the breech by pulling a spring trigger. A bag of bullets and two powder flasks hang from his belt. These early fire-arms were slow and cumbrous in their action; they took several minutes to prime, load and fire, and the kick was so heavy that sometimes it dislocated the shoulder or collar-bone of the shooter. Compared with them, the Indian's bow and arrows were quick-firing weapons. At first the Indians were surprised and panic-stricken by the noise, the smoke and flame, and the penetrating power of the white man's weapons; but they soon realized the superior efficiency of their own arms, and from the shelter of the forest, in many a surprise attack, they were able to pour in a continuous and silent flight of arrows upon the French settlers before these could return the fire. It was not until the musket was improved by substituting a flint and steel for the slow-burning fuse or "match,' about 1670, that the whites were able to gain any decided advantage over the Indians in bush fighting. It may not be generally known that the Indians

wore armour; but Champlain and the early writers frequently refer to their shields of wood, or, in the West, of buffalo hide, and speak of their chest and leg protectors, made of sticks woven together with cotton fibre, roots or sinews. In the picture, some of the Indians carry wooden shields decorated with their totems and wear body-pieces of bark or wicker.

Champlain's Fight With the Iroquois, 1609

Champlain on the Ottawa

In 1613 Champlain made a journey up the Ottawa River, at that time unknown to the white man. Like all early explorers, Champlain hoped that it led to the sea — that sea which stretched to the Far East of Asia. The year before there had come to his ears a strange tale that seemed to encourage his hope. He had sent a young man named Nicolas Vignau to live among the Algonquins on the upper Ottawa to learn their language and explore their country. He returned with a story that he had seen the North Sea, on the shores of which he had found the wreck of an English ship, whose crew had been killed by the Indians, all except a boy who was still living among them. The story seemed probable. It was known that Henry Hudson had made a voyage to the Northern Seas two years before, and that since then no word had been heard of him. Vignau swore that he had followed the Ottawa to a lake which emptied into the North Sea. Persuaded, after much questioning, that the tale was true, Champlain resolved to explore the route for himself. With Vignau and three other Frenchmen and an Indian he started up the Ottawa at the end of May, 1613.

With great difficulty they made their way, hauling their canoe against the swift current, or portaging around rapids, until they reached Morrison's Island, just below Allumette Island. Here they met a band of Algonquins who, on hearing the object of Champlain's journey, told him that Vignau had never been to the sea, but had spent the whole winter with them. Vignau, confronted with their statements, fell on his knees, confessed that his story was a lie and begged for mercy. Champlain, disappointed in his hopes, with difficulty controlled his anger at the deception. "Overcome with wrath," he says, "I had him removed, being unable to endure him any longer in my presence." The imposter had foolishly hoped that he would be rewarded for his supposed discovery, and that Champlain would not undertake the difficult task of verifying his story. With the disclosure of Vignau's ignorance of the route, and the refusal of the Indians to guide him through the unknown territory, Champlain was forced to give up his search and turn back. On their return to the St. Lawrence, Vignau made a public confession, and was pardoned on condition that he would continue to live among the Indians and gather further information.

In his account of this journey, Champlain records his latitude at various places with a fair degree of accuracy, up to a point some distance below Allumette Island. Beyond this there is no record of his latitude in his journal. At this point, known to-day as Gould's Landing, he left the Ottawa, to avoid the long bend by way of Lake Coulonge, and struck off in a straight line through small lakes and streams to regain the river farther up. Here, he says, he had to make a difficult portage, heavily laden with his cloak, arquebus, etc.

Navigators and travellers in the Seventeenth Century, such as Champlain, found their way by means of the compass, and made out their positions by the use of the astrolabe. The astrolabe was a flat circular plate of brass divided into degrees, across the face of which moved a bar, pivoted on the centre of the circle. The bar was pierced with an eyelet, through which the traveller sighted the sun's elevation above the horizon, and thus was able to calculate the degree of latitude, and find out where he was.

In August 1867, 254 years after Champlain's journey, a man working in the woods near where the explorer had left the river, turned up a strange brass object, bearing the word "Paris" and the date "1603." It was, most probably, Champlain's astrolabe, dropped as he struggled through the dense bush over the portage. There, for over two and a half centuries, it had lain hidden under the fallen and decayed leaves and tangled undergrowth of the forest. The farmer's children used it for a plaything, and neighbouring settlers puzzled over it. In time it was sold, and after passing through several hands, was bought by a collector of astronomical instruments in the United States and is now in

his possession. Some day, it is to be hoped, it may come back to Canada, and be placed in the Archives at Ottawa, the latitude of which place it helped to mark so many years ago.

The picture shows Champlain looking through the eyepiece of the astrolabe. In order to take a correct observation, it was necessary to hold the astrolabe in a perpendicular position. It was therefore held by a ring at the top on the thumb or finger of the observer, or suspended from the projecting branch of a tree. The astrolabe was somewhat thicker at the bottom, so as to give it greater steadiness when suspended, and to ensure an absolutely perpendicular position. Some pictures of Champlain show him holding the astrolabe by its base, but this was not the correct way of using the instrument. One of Champlain's men is recording his reading of the degree of elevation in the note book which Champlain tells us that he carried on his journey. Some Indians watch with wonder the white man's magic "medicine," while others of the party carry the canoe and baggage over the portage beside the rapids.

Champlain on the Ottawa, 1613

Maisonneuve's Fight With the Indians

Montreal, to-day the largest city in the Dominion, was founded as a mission station in 1642 by a little band of pious devotees, who planted this outpost of the Christian faith in the heart of a savage, heathen world. A fort was built near the shore, low down in the present city, in the heart of what is now the wholesale and shipping district. Then, all was forest, broken only by the small clearing around the fort. Life in Ville-Marie, as they called Montreal then, was full of daily peril. Iroquois lurked in the surrounding forest, falling upon wood-choppers and workers in the fields; on the river, their canoes hid among the reeds or under the tree-clad banks to dash in swift pursuit of the solitary voyageur or fisherman.

But their governor, Paul de Chomedy, Sieur de Maisonneuve, was an ideal leader for the crusading colonists. He was a soldier, in the prime of life, pious, brave, and self-sacrificing. But he was also prudent; he knew that the settlers were no match for the Indians in bush fighting, and he refused to allow them to venture in pursuit of their elusive foes. Constant watch was kept, but the fort's most efficient sentinel was a dog, named Pilotte, who, with her puppies, scouted the edge of the woods and barked a loud warning whenever she scented the presence of hidden Indians. Irritated by the continual ambuscade and siege, Maisonneuve's men clamoured to be led out against their enemies and taunted him with cowardice when he refused.

At last, one day in March, 1644, Pilotte gave warning, and Maisonneuve granted their desire. He called for thirty men and led them to the attack. In the woods a swarm of Iroquois met them and shot at them from every side. The French fought stubbornly, but, at length, under the heavy fire, they began to fall back. Maisonneuve, a pistol in each hand, fronted the Indians, who charged forward in pursuit. They might easily have shot him down; but they wished to take him alive and torture him as a trophy of their victory. Slowly he retreated, till, in sight of the gate of the fort, through which the French were crowding, the Iroquois chief dashed at Maisonneuve. He fired, but his pistol missed. The Indian dodged and rushed again. Maisonneuve fired his other pistol. The chief fell dead, and while his warriors rescued his body, Maisonneuve reached the gate, with Pilotte at his heels, still barking defiance at the Indians. The dog and her master had won the honours of the day. On the Place d'Armes, in the heart of the city of Montreal, near the spot where the fight took place, Hébert's magnificent monument to-day commemorates Maisonneuve's exploit. The picturesque figure of the governor crowns the pedestal, while in one of the groups which flank the base crouches the alert and faithful Pilotte.

Maisonneuve's Fight with the Indians, 1644

St. Lusson at Sault Ste. Marie

If the dream of a few Frenchmen in the seventeenth century had been realized, the continent of North America would have become a vast French empire. The magnificent project apparently had every prospect of success, and for over a generation was more than a possibility. The King, Louis XIV, had a boundless ambition; served by capable soldiers and statesmen, for the greater part of his long reign he dominated Europe: government was concentrated in himself, and his projects were carried out with an organized efficiency and supported by resources greater than those of any other power of his time. When he came to the throne, his colony in Canada consisted of a handful of traders, missionaries and settlers scattered in a few isolated posts along the St. Lawrence. For years it had been the prey of commercial companies who cared only for the profits of the fur trade, and neglected or discouraged the permanent settlement which they were pledged to support.

But in 1665 the King, disgusted with the results of company rule, made Canada a royal province and took its government into his own hands; and the feeble little colony took on new life. Louis, with his great minister, Colbert, planned to increase the population of Canada and to extend its boundaries. France held the eastern gateway of the continent; the great unknown interior was to be explored and occupied by the French; the western Indians were to be won over to trade, alliance and the true faith. Settlers were sent in large numbers, soldiers were dispatched from France to defend the frontiers against the Iroquois, agriculture, trade and industry were encouraged, exploring expeditions were sent forth. During the next thirty years amazing discoveries were made. Hudson Bay was reached, the Great Lakes were opened to trade and travel, the Mississippi was found and followed to its mouth, something of the prairie country became known. Gradually the idea grew in the minds of the explorers and the governors of Canada that a continuous chain of French settlements should be extended from Acadia to the Gulf of Mexico. Some, like La Salle and Frontenac and the Intendant Talon, caught a glimpse of the possible future, and the idea became a policy, a plan that appeared feasible. Along the Atlantic seaboard were sprinkled the English colonies, each leading its own isolated life, indifferent to its neighbours and immersed in its own immediate interests, none extending any great distance inland, all more or less jealous of each other and of interference or control by the mother country. An organized and united New France circling around them would hem them in to a narrow strip along the coast and bar them from westward expansion.

It was at Sault Ste. Marie that the first steps were taken to put the plan into operation, and a ceremony was performed which announced this ambitious programme. In 1670, a French officer, Daumont de St. Lusson, with a small party, was sent to take formal possession of the whole country around the Upper Lakes and along the great river, not yet discovered, and known only by hearsay, which to-day is called the Mississippi. St. Lusson spent the winter on Manitoulin Island, sending messengers to the neighbouring tribes to invite them to meet him in the spring at the Sault Ste. Marie, where the Indians were accustomed to gather every year to catch fish in the rapids.

Here, on the 14th of June, 1671, St. Lusson, with his company of soldiers and coureurs de bois, and the Jesuits of the near-by mission, met a great crowd of Indians, gathered from fourteen different tribes. On the hill above the foot of the rapids, a large cross was set up and a cedar post erected beside it, bearing a metal plate engraved with the King's coat of arms. The cross was blessed by the priests, and the company sang hymns and prayed for the King. Then St. Lusson, holding a sod of earth in one hand, the ancient symbol of taking possession of the land, and raising his sword, proclaimed Louis XIV King of "all the country bounded by the seas of the North, the West and the

South"—a claim inclusive enough to satisfy the ambition even of the Sun King himself. The soldiers fired their muskets and shouted "Vive le Roi," while the Indians yelled and whooped. The ceremony ended with a long speech by Father Allouez, in which he glorified the great King and boasted of his wealth and power. "He is the chief of the greatest chiefs, and has no equal on earth," said Allouez. "All the chiefs you have ever seen are but children beside him. He is a great tree and they are but the little herbs that you walk over and trample underfoot. When our King attacks his enemies, he is more terrible than the thunder: the earth shakes; the air is all on fire with the blaze of his cannon; he is seen in the midst of his warriors covered with the blood of his enemies, whom he kills in such numbers that he does not reckon them by the scalps, but by the streams of blood which he causes to flow." Truly an appropriate occupation for the Most Christian King, as Louis was officially styled. "Men come from every quarter of the earth to listen to him and admire him. All that is done in the world is decided by him alone. In his cities are storehouses where there are hatchets enough to cut down all your forests, kettles enough to cook all your moose, and beads enough to fill all your lodges. His house is longer than from here to the top of the Sault, and higher than your tallest trees; and it holds more families than your largest town."

The whole performance was a typical example of the skilful methods of the French in dealing with the Indians by presenting an impressive spectacle and satisfying their love of oratory and ceremonial. Nevertheless, no sooner had the white men departed than the Indians tore down the royal arms, which doubtless they regarded as a magical sign which might bring evil upon them. Perhaps, we may regard its destruction as an omen of the fate of French ambitions on this continent.

It is interesting to speculate how the history of North America—of Europe itself—would read to-day had the great idea been carried into accomplished fact, and the King's claim made good by persistent and energetic action. But Louis XIV turned from whatever dreams of an American empire that had visited him to plans for European power which involved him in war, and led him and France to disaster.

St. Lusson at Sault Ste. Marie, 1671

Frontenac on the Way to Cataraqui

No governor of New France impressed the Indians with such respect and admiration as did Count Frontenac. He seemed to understand them instinctively, and they, in turn, appreciated his haughty and martial spirit. Frontenac shared the Indians' love of pageantry and display, as well as their regard for ceremonial observances; and his intercourse with them was conducted always with a mixture of dignified magnificence, easy familiarity and fatherly authority. The founding of Fort Frontenac was one of the first and most striking examples of his skill in dealing with the Indians. His predecessor, Courcelle, had advised the King to build a fort and trading post on Lake Ontario to curb the Iroquois, and to attract them and the Northern Indians to trade with the French rather than with the Dutch and the English to the south of the lake. Within a year after his arrival in Canada as governor Frontenac undertook to carry out the project. The time was favourable, for there was truce between the French and the Iroquois. La Salle, the future explorer of the West, who already had won Frontenac's favour, was sent to invite the Iroquois chiefs to meet the new governor at the place selected for the proposed fort and trading post. This was at the mouth of the Cataraqui river, where now stands the City of Kingston.

Late in June, 1673, Frontenac set out from Montreal on his journey up the St. Lawrence. With him there were about 400 men; habitants, voyageurs, Indians, old soldiers of the Carignan regiment, part of the garrison of Quebec, and a number of officers who volunteered for the expedition. His flotilla consisted of 120 canoes and two flat-boats painted in brilliant colours and carrying a couple of cannon. Slowly they toiled up the rapids to the smooth water of the Thousand Islands, till, on the 12th of July, they came in sight of Lake Ontario. Here Frontenac halted to arrange an impressive entrance upon the scene. All the company washed the stains of travel from their persons and dressed in their best; the Indians painted themselves and decked their hair with feathers, the officers put on their most brilliant uniforms, and the voyageurs donned their gayest sashes. Then, bright with the colour and sheen of silk, velvet, ribbons and lace and gold braid, with fluttering flags and flashing paddles dipping in time to the blare of trumpets and the roll of drums and the thunder of cannon salutes, the procession moved forward over the blue waters. Four divisions of canoes in double lines led the way, followed by the decorated barges. Then came Frontenac and his guards, his staff and the gentlemen volunteers, with the canoes from Three Rivers on his right, and those of the Indians on his left, while two more squadrons of canoes formed the rear. Piloted by an Iroquois canoe which came out to meet them, the French entered the bay, while on the shore and along the edge of the encircling green forest, the Indians gazed in wondering admiration at the brilliant spectacle. At the point now occupied by the barracks, at the end of the present bridge, they landed and made camp.

A week was spent in councils and festivities with the Iroquois. Frontenac distributed presents of tobacco, guns and provisions, and addressed the Indians in the grandiloquent speeches they admired, promising them the protection and favour of the great King, and the advantages of profitable trade with the French if they were peaceful, and threatening them with chastisement by his powerful forces, if they were disobedient. The Iroquois were greatly impressed, as he says, "with respect, fear and good-will," and in response to his request, next year sent him several of their children to be educated at Quebec. Meanwhile, during all the parleys and entertainments, the erection of the fort proceeded rapidly and on the 27th of July, Frontenac was able to embark on his return to Montreal. By that time the fort was almost ready to house the garrison which was left to defend this western outpost of New France.

Frontenac on the Way to Cataraqui, 1673

Hennepin at Niagara Falls

On the 6th of December, 1678, a little party of Frenchmen was toiling through the snow-clad forest that crowned the cliffs of the Niagara gorge. Far below, the tossing rapids raced towards the whirlpool around which the travellers had circled. Ahead of them, up the river, was the great fall. Indian stories had told them of it, and years ago it had been marked on Champlain's map; but so far as they knew no white man as yet had seen it. In the stillness of the winter woods they could hear its distant roar, and as they advanced, sometimes they could see between the bare branches the column of mist that rose from the falling waters in the still air. At last they came out upon the brink of the cliff, and the great semi-circle of the cataract lay before them. Perhaps some unknown wandering runner of the woods had already looked upon the wonderful scene, but this is the first visit of which we have any record. We know of it from the account written by one of those who stood and gazed at the falling waters on that wintry day in 1678: a bearded man dressed in the brown-gray robe of a Franciscan Friar, with the knotted cord of his order girt about his waist, and his pointed hood pulled over his head to shield it from the cold. He was Father Louis Hennepin, missionary priest and explorer, whose book of travels is a wonderful story of adventure and peril. He had always longed to visit strange lands, and he says that in France he used to listen behind the doors of taverns to the stories which the sailors told of their voyages. At last his desire to travel was gratified. In 1675 he was sent as a missionary to Canada. On the ship in which he sailed he met LaSalle, who was returning from France to take possession of Fort Frontenac, which had been granted to him. Hennepin was stationed at this post as priest, and when LaSalle, in 1678, set out on his expedition to explore the West, the missionary was permitted to go with him.

The advance party, including Hennepin, left Fort Frontenac in a little vessel of ten tons for the Niagara River. Stormy weather forced them to keep close to the north shore of Lake Ontario and drove them for shelter into the mouth of the Humber. Here they were frozen in and had to cut their way out through the ice with axes. They reached the Niagara on the 6th of December, and landed on the eastern side, where now stands the American fort. Hennepin with some of the party paddled up the river in a canoe as far as the Queenston of to-day, where the rapids prevented them from going farther by water. They went ashore and made the rest of their way to the falls on foot. They went on to Chippewa creek, where they camped in the snow for the night, returning the next morning to their companions at the mouth of the river. This was the start of over two years' wandering by Hennepin among the Indians and coureurs de bois in the forests and on the plains and rivers and the great lakes. In the spring of 1681 he was again at the Falls of Niagara, on his way back to Quebec, where he arrived, bronzed and sun-burnt and lean, with his robe in tatters and patched with pieces of buffalo-skin, and told his amazing tale to Count Frontenac. Soon afterwards he went back to Europe and published the account of his travels.

In his book there appears an engraving of the Falls of Niagara on which the present picture is based. This engraving was made possibly from a drawing by Hennepin himself, or from his own description, and under his own supervision. It is out of proportion, but its general features give an accurate idea of the appearance of the Falls at his time. It is the first picture of the Falls ever printed, and it is valuable because it shows the changes that have taken place in their shape since he saw them. On the right of the picture, in front of the western end of the Horse Shoe Falls, is seen a small cross fall which plunges over an overhanging rock projecting from the edge of the cliff. This fall no longer exists, for the rock, later known as Table Rock, split off and fell some years ago, and the course of the river has altered considerably, owing to the gradual wearing away of the crest of the Falls.

Hennepin at Niagara Falls, 1678

The Brothers LaVérendrye in Sight of the Western Mountains

Throughout the earlier history of Canada a Sea of the West lured the explorers to discovery. To seek it many men spent their lives in toils and privations; they ruined themselves, and some perished in the search. They all failed; but out of their failures came the knowledge of the vast interior of the Continent. Among these magnificent failures none was greater than that of La Vérendrye and his sons.

Pierre Gaultier de La Vérendrye was born at Three Rivers in 1685. He was one of a family of ten children of the Governor of the district. Pierre was only twelve years old when he joined the colonial troops and before he was twenty he had seen hard service. In 1707 he joined the French army fighting in Flanders against the great Duke of Marlborough. In the bloody battle of Malplaquet he received nine wounds and was taken prisoner. He was exchanged; but he had no private fortune and no influential friends at court, and without these, promotion in the army was impossible. He returned to Canada and soon retired from military life.

Shortly after his return from the wars, he married. Four sons were born to him, and his growing family made it necessary for him to seek some profitable employment. He established a trading post on the St. Maurice River near his native town, which was then an important centre of the fur trade. Here he spent several years, gaining valuable experience, if not much wealth. In 1726 he was given the command of the frontier post of Lake Nipigon, north of Lake Superior, on the verge of the distant unknown wilderness of the West. At Nipigon, while busy with his duties as an Indian trader, he was ever on the alert for information about the regions beyond. One of the Indians drew a rough map of the route which he declared that he had followed to where the waters ebbed and flowed. La Vérendrye was convinced that much of the story was probable. He resolved to try to find that Western Sea himself, and so, taking with him Ochagah's map, he travelled down to Montreal in 1730 to persuade the Governor to support his project.

The Governor, Beauharnois, was interested; but all that La Vérendrye was able to get was the monopoly of the western fur trade, on condition that at the same time he carried on the search for the way to the sea. He was allowed to build forts and to trade with the Indians, and out of his profits he was expected to pay all the costs of his expeditions. He had little money of his own: he needed men and provisions, canoes and trading goods, and he was compelled to ask help from the merchants of Montreal. They were not interested in his plans for exploration, but by promising them a large share of the profits of his trade, he persuaded them to advance the money and goods he needed.

Early in June, 1731, La Vérendrye set out from Montreal, taking with him his nephew, La Jemeraye, and three of his sons, boys of eighteen, seventeen and sixteen years, who had grown up in their trading post home at Three Rivers. Late in August they reached the western end of Lake Superior. Gradually during the next few years a chain of trading posts was established from Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg and beyond as far as the Assiniboine River.

A large trade was opened up, for the Indians were glad to bring their furs to the nearby French forts instead of having to take them to the far northern posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. Heavy troubles fell upon La Vérendrye in 1736. His most experienced and reliable lieutenant, La Jemeraye, died, and his eldest son and a Jesuit priest, with a party of his men, were all massacred by a band of Sioux Indians on an island in the Lake of the Woods. The bulk of the profits of the trade went to the

Montreal merchants, and La Vérendrye was deeply in debt. The King complained that he was not doing enough exploration. His partners clamoured for more profits, and rival merchants tried to influence the government to take away his monopoly. La Vérendrye had to go to Montreal and Quebec to protect his interests, and it was only with great difficulty that he was able to get the merchants and the government to continue their support. Again he set out for the West. His youngest son, who had been taught to make maps and plans, now joined his father in the family enterprise.

La Vérendrye had heard accounts of a tribe of Indians called the Mandans, who were said to live on the banks of a great river that flowed into the ocean. In the summer of 1738, with two of his sons, he journeyed across the plains southwest to their country. He found them on the Missouri River, in villages of houses built of logs and earth; but their river flowed south and not west. He left two of his men with them to learn their language and gain further information, and returned to Fort La Reine, suffering severely from violent illness, caused probably by his years of privation and anxiety.

Next year his men returned with news that a number of strange Indians had arrived to trade in the Mandan villages. They rode on horses, and came from the west, where they said there were bearded white men living in stone houses on the shores of a lake whose waters rose and fell. These white men must have been Spaniards of Mexico and California. Their story was true, but it gave no idea of the great distance that had to be travelled to reach the Pacific Ocean. Meanwhile, La Vérendrye sought other routes. One of his sons explored the Saskatchewan as far as the forks, and built a post at the place now known as The Pas, on the line of the present Hudson Bay Railway, but lack of means prevented further progress in that direction.

In April 1742, two of La Vérendrye's sons, with two other Frenchmen, set forth again to the Mandan country. Their father stayed behind, for he was too ill to travel, and the business of fur trading must still go on. The sons reached the villages and waited there for the expected visit of the Horse Indians.

As they did not come, the brothers started, near the end of July, with two Mandans to guide them to the Horse Indian country. They crossed the Missouri and travelled for twenty days through what were later known as the Bad Lands. When at last they reached the Horse Indians they admitted that they had never been to the Western Sea, and said that the way there led through the country of the fierce Snake Indians, the terror of the western plains. A neighbouring tribe, the Bow Indians, might be able to take them to the Sea, and were the only tribe able to fight the Snakes. To the Bow Indians, therefore, the brothers travelled, and at length found them in a huge camp, preparing to start out to attack the Snakes. Over two thousand warriors with their families were gathered, the prairie was covered with hundreds of teepees, and La Vérendrye's account tells us that the Indians had with them great numbers of horses, asses and mules.

This information is of great interest, since it shows us how far north the horse had reached at this date. The Spaniards had brought the first horses to this continent, and from their settlements, from time to time, horses escaped, or were purchased or stolen by the Indians. The possession of these animals made an entire change in the life of the Indians, and gave the tribes who used them an enormous advantage in hunting, in travel and in warfare.

With these mounted Bow Indians the brothers journeyed in December on the westward warpath against the Snakes. Though it was winter, it was comparatively mild in that region and the snow was light on the prairie uplands.

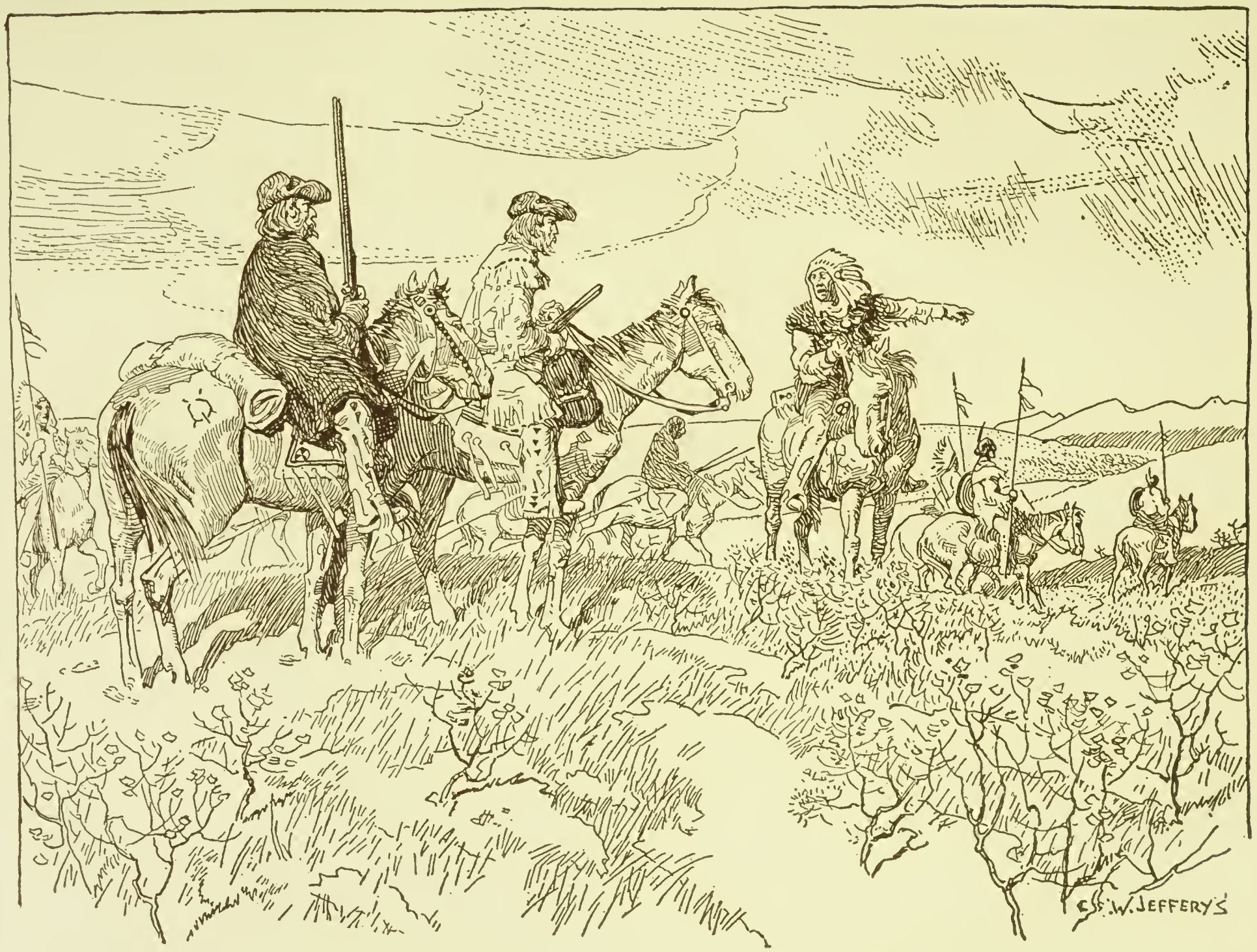
On New Year's Day, 1743, the snowclad tops of distant mountains came in sight to the west. For eight days the war party journeyed toward

the mountains. As they were nearing the enemy's country, the women and children were left in an encampment with a small guard, while the warriors pushed on. One of the brothers went with them, while the elder remained with their baggage. Four days later the scouts found an abandoned camp of the Snakes. Their enemies had fled hastily on their approach, but the Bows feared that the Snakes had circled round behind them to attack the encampment of their women and children. A panic seized them and they retreated in haste and disorder. The shame-faced warriors found the camp secure; but the expedition against the Snakes was given up, and the Bows began their homeward march.

The Frenchmen had to turn back. Once more the attempt to find the Western Sea had failed; but the young La Vérendrye had gone farther in its search than any other man. The brothers parted from the Bows and started on their return to Fort La Reine. They reached the Missouri again, and La Vérendrye buried on its high bank a tablet of lead bearing the arms of France and the names of the King, the Governor and himself. In March, 1913, a school girl found it in the river bank opposite the present city of Pierre, North Dakota. They reached Fort La Reine, to-day Portage La Prairie, where their father anxiously awaited them, in July, 1743, after an absence of almost fifteen months.

La Vérendrye and his sons had not found the Western Sea, but they had opened up to French trade a vast new territory. The merchants of Montreal who had backed the enterprise had taken whatever profits were earned; but La Vérendrye was poorer than ever. He returned to Montreal and another officer was put in charge of the western posts. The new man did nothing towards exploration, and the Governor restored La Vérendrye to his command. Some recompense was given him: two of his sons were made ensigns in the colonial troops, he himself was promoted to the rank of captain, and was awarded the Cross of St. Louis, the coveted military distinction of his day. He lived only a few months to carry the honour. In 1749 death took him in the midst of preparations to start on a new search by way of the Saskatchewan.

His sons expected to be allowed to carry on his work. But rival claimants got the ear of the Governor, and others were given the western trade which they had established. They continued to serve as junior officers in the colony troops until the end of the French rule in Canada. Though descendants of the elder La Vérendrye's brothers and sisters are living to-day in Quebec, of his own family none is known to exist. He and his sons live only in the story of a great purpose followed with steadfast courage and devotion.



The Brothers La Vĕrendrye in Sight of the Western Mountains, 1743

The Founding of Halifax

The founding of Halifax was an early experiment in town planning and assisted immigration. In 1749 the British Government decided to establish a settlement in Nova Scotia. Parliament voted forty thousand pounds to support the project, and the Lords of Trade and Plantations, the body which directed the colonies at that period, issued a proclamation inviting disbanded officers and men of the army and navy, artisans and agricultural workers to join the new settlement. Free passage and provisions for the voyage were to be given, subsistence for a year after landing would be provided, arms, ammunition and tools supplied, and the settlers were promised free grants of land and the privilege of civil government as in the other British colonies.

Besides those immigrants drawn from the mother country, a number of Germans were recruited by an agent in Europe. Some 2,500 men, women and children were gathered, and early in the spring set sail for the land of promise.

The territory to-day forming the province of Nova Scotia was then shared by Great Britain and France. By the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, France had surrendered Acadia, with the exception of Cape Breton, then called Isle Royale, and the present day Prince Edward Island, or Isle St. Jean. France gave up Acadia with great reluctance, for it guarded the approach by sea to Canada. But she hoped by the fortune of future war to win back this bulwark of her position in North America. With this end in view, the powerful fortress of Louisbourg was built at the south-eastern point of Cape Breton. In its sheltered harbour could be assembled a French fleet to block any British attempt on Canada by way of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Before long, notwithstanding nominal peace, Louisbourg became the nest of a swarm of privateers which threatened to ruin the fisheries upon which New England depended. Years of dispute and encroachment on each side at last came to a head in open warfare in 1744. The following spring the New England colonies mustered an army of militia which with the aid of some ships of the British navy besieged and captured Louisbourg. It was an astonishing feat, and the downfall of the great fortress brought joy to the American colonists. But their triumph was short-lived. When peace put an end to the costly and indecisive conflict in 1748, each country agreed to give back what it had captured. Louisbourg was restored to France, to the indignation of the New Englanders who had done so much to achieve its conquest.

Britain determined to strengthen her position in Nova Scotia. Though she had been in possession of Acadia for over thirty years, there had been little immigration from the mother country or the American colonies, and the bulk of population was French by race and by sympathy. The province was to be peopled with English settlers, and a harbour for the fleet, capable of being fortified, had to be found. Southwest of Louisbourg, on the Atlantic coast, lay the spacious harbour of Chebucto. Here the new settlement was to be planted to checkmate Louisbourg.

The new Governor of the Colony was the Honourable Edward Cornwallis, a younger son of a noble family, thirty-seven years of age, who had served in the army and reached the rank of colonel, and had won a seat in the House of Commons. He was sensible, energetic, straightforward and honest.

On the 21st of June, 1749, the sloop of war Sphinx, carrying Cornwallis and his staff, reached the harbour of Chebucto, several days ahead of the transports bearing the colonists. He went ashore at once to look over the ground. Next day he wrote to the Duke of Bedford, giving his first impressions of the place. "All the officers," he says, "agree the harbour is the finest they have ever seen . . . the country is one continual wood, no clear spot to be heard of."

Within a few days the transports began to arrive. On George's Island, tents and rude shelters were erected, and as many of the sea-

weary settlers as possible were camped on shore, while the men were set to the work of clearing the trees on the mainland. This was no easy task for the inexperienced immigrants, most of whom had never before swung an axe. The town plot was surveyed and laid out in squares, each containing sixteen lots, with streets fifty-five feet wide. The settlement was named Halifax, in honour of the Earl of Halifax, the President of the Board of Trade and Plantations.

Cornwallis' difficulties were numerous. Not the least of them was the character of many of the immigrants. Writing in July, he says, "The number of industrious active men proper to undertake and carry on a new settlement is very small. Of soldiers there are only a hundred, of tradesmen, sailors and others able and willing to work, not above two hundred." The rest were idle and worthless persons, who embraced the opportunity to get provisions for a year without labor, or sailors who only wanted a passage to New England. Many were sick or unfit for settlers, many so poor that they were without shoes, stockings and shirts. All were ignorant of the methods of building log houses, and it was necessary to hire carpenters and woodsmen among the Acadians and in the neighbouring New England colonies, with their efficient American axes. Lumber and shingles were imported from Massachusetts for the barracks, officers' quarters and store houses. The demand for sawn lumber raised prices, and the shrewd New Englanders drove a highly profitable trade. Schooners from the colonies flocked to the harbour laden with timber and grain and fresh meat and great quantities of rum. It was a hard drinking age, and it is recorded that in addition to the liberal daily ration served out as a matter of course, ten thousand gallons of rum were consumed by the thirsty settlers between July and December. Desertions were frequent.

Danger, too, threatened the colony. The Micmac Indians, allies of the French, saw with sullen disfavour the intrusion of the English on their territory. Scalping parties prowled in the surrounding forest, and rumours reached the settlement that they were planning an attack upon the town. French and English watched each other with jealous suspicion, for with so many interests clashing, the peace was felt to be only a temporary truce. The letters of Cornwallis reveal the characteristic eighteenth century Englishman's distrust of his Gallic neighbours. "The French have begun their usual game." . . . "It is not easy to know the designs of these French," these are typical phrases.

Late in July, two regiments from the English garrison at Louisbourg arrived. They were set to work at once, building a line of palisades.

During these first months of the growing town's life the weather was beautifully clear and serene. Under the brilliant summer sunlight and amid the glowing colour of autumn foliage, Halifax must have presented a picturesque and stirring scene. Officers in scarlet and gold, sailors with their hair tied in tarry queues and wearing wide blue breeches and skirts, settlers, Acadians and Yankee traders in homespun, soldiers in red coats and stiff white pipe-clayed belts and gaiters crowded the rough stump-strewn streets, while the harbour was busy with boats coming and going between the transports and the shore, trading schooners sailing in and out, the building of wharves, the landing of settlers' families and the unloading of household goods, stores and provisions.

By the middle of October, about three hundred and fifty houses had been covered in, the palisade had been carried all around the town, and two of the forts finished, the streets had all been marked out, and lamps to light them were ordered from Boston. The barracks for the troops, and a number of storehouses had been erected, and the residence of the Governor was completed. Here, on October 14th, Cornwallis assembled the council of the province. It consisted of five members, appointed by himself in July. Hitherto they had held their sessions on board one of the transports in the harbour; but with this first meeting at the Governor's house the corporate life of Halifax may be said to have begun.

The Founding of Halifax, 1749

The Battle of Ticonderoga

When the Marquis de Montcalm arrived in 1756 to take command of the French army in Canada he faced a difficult and unpromising situation. A gang of corrupt officials, led by the Intendant, Bigot, bled both the colony and the King; the Governor, Vaudreuil, fussy and incompetent, if not actually sharing in the robberies of the official bandits, winked at their offences; England, after years of hostilities along the frontier, had declared war; France, engrossed with her European conflict, spared only a few troops for Canada.

Montcalm was an honest and high-minded man, proud, quick-tempered and vivacious, with a sound military training and an experience of warfare. He soon realized that his task was almost a forlorn hope; but for some time he succeeded in delaying the inevitable end, and, in spite of the greater resources of Britain and her American colonies, Canada more than held her own.

In 1757 the great Pitt, later Lord Chatham, joined the British ministry, and under his ardent leadership vigour and intelligence animated the war. Three attacks against New France were planned; a combined naval and military expedition against Louisbourg in Cape Breton, one against Fort Du Quesne, now Pittsburg, and one by way of Lakes George and Champlain. Here at the southern end of Lake Champlain lay Fort Ticonderoga, an important post, but badly planned and poorly constructed by Bigot's dishonest engineers.

The command of the British army against Ticonderoga was given to General Abercromby, a blundering and incompetent officer, whose political influence was strong enough to get him the position in spite of Pitt's reluctance to appoint him. Pitt, however, placed as his second in command Lord Howe, perhaps the most brilliant man then in the army.

When Montcalm reached Ticonderoga at the end of June, 1758, he found the fort held by only 3,000 men, insufficiently supplied with food and ammunition, to withstand Abercromby's army of 15,000.

On the 5th of July the British force embarked on Lake George. Nine thousand of them were provincial troops drawn from the American colonies, the remainder were British regulars, including a regiment of kilted Highlanders, the 42nd or Black Watch. Ample stores and ammunition were carried in bateaux, and a formidable number of cannon were transported in heavy flatboats. The advance of the flotilla, which covered the waters from shore to shore, under a cloudless midsummer sky, was a spectacle of such extent and magnificence as the peaceful lake had never before seen.

The army landed at the north end of Lake George, which is connected by a winding stream with Lake Champlain. The advance party, under General Howe, marched through the woods toward the fort, distant about eight miles from their landing place. In the woods they encountered a French scouting party which they scattered after a sharp engagement. But Howe was killed by the first volley. His fall was a deadly blow to the expedition. The whole army seemed to lose all confidence. Abercromby, bewildered and uncertain, hesitated, and lost all the next day.

Abercromby's French prisoners told that large reinforcements were hourly expected, and that Montcalm already had 6,000 men, almost double their actual number. He believed them, and, without waiting to bring up his artillery, or to make a careful examination of the French position, he decided to attack it at once by charging it full force in front.

Meanwhile Montcalm had laboured with furious energy on his defences. A breastwork of logs piled high as a man was built like a snake fence round the camp. In front of it thousands of trees were cut down and drawn together in a bristling tangle of sharpened branches. Throughout the hot summer day officers and men, stripped to their shirts, swung their axes. When night fell they slept beside their arms behind the breastworks. During the night 400 men arrived after a forced march to join the garrison, with Lévis, Montcalm's second

in command. At daybreak on the 8th the roll of drums woke the weary men to work again until noon, when the sound of firing in the woods warned them of the approach of the British.

The day was blazing hot. Montcalm threw off his gold-laced coat and, in his shirt sleeves, took a position from whence he could see nearly all the field of battle. As the British appeared at the edge of the woods beyond the fallen timbers he gave a signal, and a single cannon shot boomed from the fort behind him. Every man threw down his tools, seized his musket, and ran to his place in the three-deep line behind the zig-zag stockade. Companies of grenadiers, the biggest men in their regiments, stood ready to rush to any threatened point.

The British, as they formed up, shoulder to shoulder, in four close columns, saw in front of them a confusion of fallen trees, on whose tangled branches the leaves hung shrivelling in the heat, and in the distance beyond, a glimpse of the breastwork and the glint of sunlight on protruding gun barrels; but not a single man of the defenders. The columns moved forward at the steady pace of a parade review—blue-coated provincials on the flanks, buckskin-clad rangers skirmishing in advance, regulars brilliant in scarlet and gold in the centre.

Suddenly a blaze of fire and smoke burst from the stockade, and a volley of musket balls and grape-shot crashed into the close-packed British troops. The front was swept away; but those behind pressed forward over those who fell. Again and again the storm of bullets struck them, as with bulldog courage they struggled through the entangled logs and branches. Sweating, cursing, shouting, they strove to advance, while the murderous cross-fire poured from the twisted snake-like stockade.

Abercromby, a mile and a half in the rear, sent orders to charge again. Unlike Montcalm, who all day was in the thick of the fight, Abercromby never saw the field where his men were dying with such desperate bravery. Once more, and vainly, the British struggled forward. And all through the sweltering July afternoon, charge after charge was made through the bristling obstruction, amid a tempest of musketry fire. Some few gained the breastwork, and late in the afternoon a number of Highlanders forced their way over the stockade, where they were bayonetted by the French. Wherever the line was threatened, there was Montcalm or Lévis, and the French grenadiers rushed to meet the danger. The useless loss of life went on until when evening came the exhausted British abandoned the attack, and sullenly retreated through the woods, cursing the obstinate stupidity and incredible callousness of the general who had driven them to slaughter.

Abercromby gave orders to retreat, and abandoned any further attempt against Montcalm, though his army still greatly outnumbered the French. In contempt, his humiliated soldiers dubbed him "Mrs. Nabbycromby," Nabby being a nickname for Abigail, then a female name common in New England. Pitt soon recalled him, and he retired with the disgrace of having caused the most disastrous defeat of the British arms in North America.

In the picture the battle is supposed to be viewed from inside the French stockade. Montcalm is shown wearing a long-skirted waistcoat, although sometimes he, as well as other general officers at this time, wore a cuirass, or steel body-armour, in battle.

The cuirass which he is said to have worn at the Battle of the Plains at Quebec the next year is in the possession of his descendants at the family chateau in France, and shows the marks of bullets. Captains, lieutenants, ensigns and sergeants carried espontons or halberts, short spears, as shown in the drawing, as well as swords. Most of the French regiments wore white coats trimmed with blue or red, a few wore blue, faced with white. Their wide long skirts were buttoned back from their legs, in the style of the French poilus during the Great War. Their legs were clothed in white knee breeches, with white gaiters reaching to the thighs, fastened with a row of many buttons. Except the grenadier companies, who wore high bearskin shakos, all wore low-crowned three-cornered hats, trimmed with white braid.

The Battle of Ticonderoga, 1758

Wolfe Chooses His Battleground

In each of the five sieges which Quebec has sustained the strongest defence of the city has been its natural situation. Every besieger first of all had to overcome Quebec's geography. None won a greater victory over these physical obstacles than Wolfe in 1759.

The British fleet for the capture of Quebec made its way through the dangerous channels of the St. Lawrence without accident and reached the western end of the Island of Orleans on June 26th. From here Wolfe could see the difficult nature of the task before him.

Up the river loomed the huge bulk of the rock of Quebec, and the cliffs of Lévis on the opposite shore. All along the north shore below the city for six miles, from the low meadows where the St. Charles creeps into the St. Lawrence to the heights over which the Montmorency plunges in a foaming waterfall, ran lines of entrenchments. The mouth of the St. Charles was protected by a boom of logs and by floating batteries; in front of the French entrenchments lay open fields sloping to the shoals of Beauport, which at low tide became mud flats and rocky reefs; the Montmorency was a swift-running river, with a narrow ford above the falls in the midst of thick woods which could be easily defended against superior numbers. Above Quebec high rocky cliffs stretched for miles, inaccessible for the most part, and so steep and rugged that no army could make good its landing if opposed by any force. In these days of steel-clad warships, of aeroplanes, of long-range artillery, many of these natural defences could easily be overcome; but in Wolfe's time the wooden men-of-war were sailing vessels, at the mercy of wind and tide, and their muzzle-loading cannon were of short range, small calibre, and capable of but slight elevation.

It was Montcalm's task to stay behind his defences; if he could hold out until autumn the British fleet of warships and transports would have to retreat down the river to escape being frozen in or wrecked in the wintry gales of the Gulf. Somewhere along these many miles Wolfe must find a weak spot, or else, somehow, lure Montcalm to come out and fight in the open.

The "old fox," as Wolfe called him, could not be tempted out. Wolfe bombarded Quebec from Lévis until most of the town was laid in ruins; but the main fortifications and the natural defences of the position were unbroken. He attempted to cross the Montmorency; but was driven back in a bush fight by the Canadians and Indians. July passed in continual artillery combats between the warships and the shore batteries, in skirmishes between rangers, Indians, and Canadian militia; but the capture of Quebec or the French army was no nearer. Part of the fleet passed the batteries of Quebec safely and reached the river above the town; but Montcalm was alert to the danger that threatened him in this new quarter and sent some of his forces to defend the heights. At the end of July Wolfe made a desperate attempt to capture the French entrenchments on the Beauport shore, near the Montmorency River; but the attack failed, and the British retired with a loss of nearly 500 killed, wounded and prisoners.

August wore away with no better success. General Wolfe's health had always been bad, and now, harassed by the memory of his defeat and disheartened by what seemed an impossible task, he fell seriously ill. From his sick bed he dictated a letter to his brigadiers, Moncton, Townshend, and Murray, begging them to meet and consult together as to the best method of attacking the enemy, and proposing three plans of his own for them to consider. His brigadiers were able and energetic commanders, though Townshend was of an envious and arrogant disposition and took pleasure in trying to irritate the high-strung and sensitive Wolfe. After careful consideration they rejected Wolfe's plans, and proposed that the army should be taken several miles up the river beyond Quebec, where a landing might be made on the north shore, which would cut off Montcalm's supplies from

Montreal and force him either to fight or surrender. Wolfe accepted their plan as a desperate chance, though he doubted its success. He had a long consultation with Admiral Saunders, who had co-operated most loyally with him throughout the campaign. If a last attempt were to be made, it would have to be within the next few days. It was now the end of August, and the fleet must leave before the end of September.

Wolfe's illness abated somewhat. He begged his doctor to patch him up sufficiently for him to be able to lead the army in person. "I know perfectly well that you cannot cure me," he said, "but make me up so that I may be without pain for a few days, and able to do my duty." To the joy of the army, by the beginning of September, he was up and about again, and once more his eager, haggard face and lanky figure were seen on board the ships and in the camps. He was dying on his feet; indomitable courage and will power alone sustained his feeble body.

More and more British vessels loaded with troops passed into the upper river, where a squadron of the fleet was now stationed. Montcalm was on the alert, for he knew that an attack would be made in the few days that still remained before the fleet would have to leave. He reinforced Bougainville, who commanded the force above the town. The threatened neighbourhood seemed to be the area between Cap Rouge, nine miles above Quebec, and Pointe aux Trembles, thirteen miles further up. Along this stretch the British vessels manoeuvred for several days, drifting up and down with the tide, and apparently menacing various points, while Bougainville's 3,000 men on shore followed every move. Weary work it was for them, toiling along the muddy roads, day and night, in autumn wind and rain, on the watch for the expected attack.

On a dreary, wet Sunday, the 9th of September, Wolfe wrote his last official despatch. Its concluding words reflect his almost hopeless state of mind: "I am so far recovered as to be able to do business, but my constitution is entirely shattered, without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the state, and without any prospect of it."

One chance remained. If it were possible to find a place nearer Quebec where Wolfe could throw enough men on shore and gain the crest of the precipice, he might be able to defeat Montcalm before Bougainville, lured far up the river by the fleet, could arrive to support him. The British would run the risk of being caught between the two forces; but the risk must be taken. Was there a weak spot anywhere between Cap Rouge and the city where a landing could be made?

In the journal of Captain Knox, an officer in the British army, we read, under date of September 10th, "General Wolfe sent for an officer and thirty men of the 43rd Regiment to escort him on a reconnoitre with Brigadier Townshend, the chief engineer, Col. Carleton, etc. For this purpose six of our grenadiers' coats were also sent by his Excellency's orders . . The General, with his reconnoitring party, returned late in the evening from Goreham's Point, where they had been, with their glasses examining the cove to the eastward of Sillery, and the eminences above it." From that point, on the south shore, they looked directly across the river toward a sheltered cove, called Anse au Foulon.

Those six grenadiers' coats were worn by Wolfe and his officers, to deceive any possible observer among the French on the north shore into the belief that the party was only a group of private soldiers, or a passing patrol. Thus disguised, no glint of sunlight on gorget or sword hilt, no gleam of gold lace would reveal the presence of officers interested in this portion of the French lines. As he gazed through his field glass, Wolfe could see a winding narrow path climbing the steep cliffs to the open plains above. At the top were a few white tents that indicated the presence of a small guard. It seemed too small a guard for so important a position. Here, apparently, was an opportunity. If the attention of the French could be diverted from this weak spot, this possible

opening, to the menacing fleet farther up the river, a sufficient British force might be landed here, and placed in battle formation on the open ground only a short distance west of the city walls.

Wolfe began his preparations immediately. The plan as a whole he kept secret. Each subordinate officer was instructed in minute detail as to his own part; but the general scheme was known only to Wolfe himself. The exact landing place was not disclosed until the last moment, except to the Admiral and to the naval officer who had charge of the boats to carry the troops. No information must leak out to the enemy. For three anxious days the British fleet and army both kept the French in continual fear of an imminent attempt at the ends of their long line, thirteen miles above Cap Rouge, and the entrenchments, down the river near Montmorency, while there was no indication that any danger threatened the place that Wolfe had in mind.

Montcalm was not entirely deceived. Earlier in the month, as he observed the increasing British movement up stream, he had posted a battalion on the plains and strengthened the guard at the head of the path up the cliff from the Foulon. But Vaudreuil, always fussy and interfering with Montcalm's plans, sent the battalion away. Again Montcalm ordered them to encamp at the Foulon; but once more, on the 12th, Vaudreuil countermanded the order, saying, "We'll see about that to-morrow."

To-morrow was too late. That night (Knox says, "weather fair, a star-lit night") the British troops dropped into the boats from the ships off Cap Rouge and silently floated down on the ebb-tide to the landing place. By daybreak of that fatal to-morrow Wolfe and his army stood on the plains. Montcalm's line of natural defences had been pierced, and the short but momentous battle followed that brought death to both commanders and settled the fate of Quebec.

Wolfe Chooses His Battleground, 1759

Captain Cook at Nootka

For centuries explorers searched for a break in the land barrier of America that would give a north-west passage for vessels to Asia, and make unnecessary the long voyage around Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope. Drake in 1579 had sought for a channel that might lead him home from his raid up the western coast of America. In the 18th century the Russians from Asia and the Spaniards from Mexico and California sent expeditions in search of a legendary strait.

In 1776, while discontent in the colonies on the Atlantic coast was breaking out into rebellion and a declaration of independence, the British Government fitted out two ships for a voyage of discovery in the Pacific, with orders to return along the northern coast of America, if a possible route in that direction could be found. The command was given to Captain James Cook.

Cook was the son of a Yorkshire farm labourer. He was born with a taste for the sea, and became a sailor in the merchant service, in which he spent several years. When war broke out in 1755 he joined the Royal Navy at the age of twenty-seven, soon attracting the attention of his superior officers by his ability and strict attention to his duties. He served in the fleet which carried Wolfe's army to Quebec, and during the siege Cook was employed in taking soundings and making charts of the St. Lawrence. In 1760 Cook received a commission and for some years thereafter was employed on the coasts of the Gulf and the North Atlantic. Always eager to learn, and endowed with mental powers of a high order, he gained the reputation of being one of the most capable navigators in the service. In 1768 Cook was appointed commander of a scientific expedition to the South Seas. So successful was this voyage that he was given charge of a second expedition which from 1772 to 1775 explored the Southern Hemisphere.

When the Government projected a further voyage of discovery in the Pacific and in search of a north-west passage, Captain Cook was regarded as the officer best qualified to conduct the expedition, and to him accordingly was given the command. He sailed from the English Channel with his two ships, the Resolution and the Discovery, in July, 1776. After visiting New Zealand and many of the islands of the Pacific, he proceeded toward the north-west coast of America.

Early in March, 1778, he came in sight of the land. Boisterous gales drove the ships off the coast for several days, but sailing northward he reached Nootka Sound on Vancouver Island. Here Cook remained for almost all the month of April, repairing his vessels, the masts and rigging of which were badly damaged, and laying in supplies of wood and water. Having put his ships into good condition, he resumed his voyage, still sailing northward along the coast of Alaska, which he examined carefully in the hope of finding a passage that might lead to the east. He passed through Bering Strait until he found his progress barred by solid ice. It was now nearing the end of August, too late in the season to attempt to return by a northern passage, if one existed. Cook, therefore, decided to turn back to the Sandwich Islands (now known as Hawaii), and spend the winter exploring the Pacific in that neighbourhood until the next summer, when he would make another attempt to find a passage, though from his observations he had little hope of succeeding. He did not live to try the search again. Disputes arose with the Hawaiian natives, and in an encounter with them Cook was killed. After his death Captain Clerke, who succeeded to the command, made a final effort to the north-eastward, but ice again stopped progress. Clerke died, and the two ships, under the command of Captain Gore, returned to England by way of Asia and the Cape of Good Hope in October, 1780.

Expeditions of scientific discovery such as this usually included in the party a draftsman who made pictorial records of the places and peoples visited. On Cook's last voyage he was accompanied by a young artist named John Webber, born in London of Swiss parentage.

Webber made numerous. sketches during the voyage, he was present at Cook's death, of which he later made a drawing, and on his return to England was engaged for some years in preparing the finished drawings and supervising the engravings from them, which were published in the account of the expedition. He was elected a member of the Royal Academy, and won a considerable reputation as a landscape painter. Both he and Cook were keen and accurate observers. Webber's drawings give valuable details of the physical character of the natives, their costumes, implements and dwellings, and of the scenery of the countries explored. On these drawings and on Cook's admirably graphic written descriptions, the accompanying illustration is based.

Cook tells us that the Indians of Nootka were in general below the average height, with plump figures, round broad faces, high cheek-bones, flat noses and wide nostrils, thick lips, abundant coarse black hair and sometimes thin straggling beards. They were clothed in garments made of tree-bark, beaten into fibres which were knotted and plaited together to form a rough fabric, and edged with a narrow strip of fur. Sometimes a fur skin was worn over the bark garments. Their ears and noses were decorated with shells, bones, rings or pieces of brass and copper. Some, especially the women, wore conical hats made of woven straw, and these, as well as their bark clothing, were ornamented with painted designs.

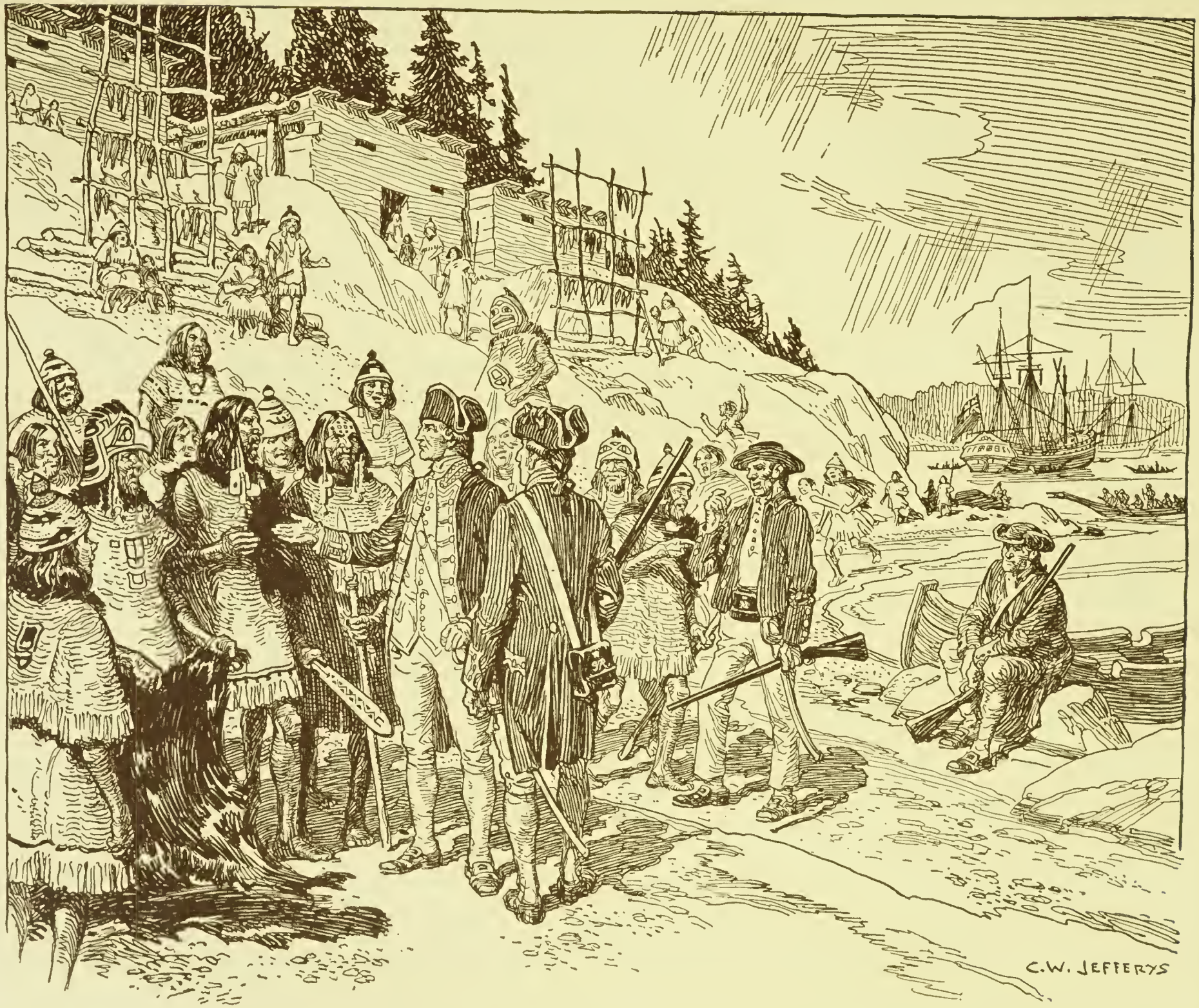
Their weapons were bows and arrows, slings, clubs of bone, stone tomahawks, and spears, tipped with bone or flint, or, in a few cases, copper or iron. They travelled in canoes, many of them forty feet or more in length, dug out of tree trunks, with large projecting prows carved and painted to represent animal figures.

Their houses were about seven or eight feet high, built of planks roughly hewn, with holes cut out for windows, and the roof planks laid loosely so that they could be moved to give light and air. Mats of coarse bark fibre or straw, and well-made wooden boxes for seats and storage purposes, were their furnishings. Inside and outside, thin poles were set up, on which fish were suspended to dry in the sun or in the smoke of their fires.

At the end of the single-roomed houses farthest from the door were placed large tree trunks, carved into the shapes of men, beasts or birds and painted in strong vivid colours. These images, commonly known to-day as totem poles, apparently in Cook's time were to be found only *inside* the houses. None of Webber's drawings show any totem poles *outside* in front of the houses.

It must have been a difficult task to carve these figures and to hew their house planks and their canoes with the rude implements of stone or bone which were their only tools before the white man brought them metals. Cook found that some of them had pieces of iron, brass and copper, sometimes fixed to handles like chisels, which doubtless they had procured in trade with other Indians in contact with white men, or from Spanish and Russian ships. He says that the natives were eager to get metal of any kind, for which they traded the most valuable furs; and a brisk and profitable trade sprang up between them and the sailors who loaded themselves with skins of the seal and sea-otter which they afterwards sold for high prices in China on their way home. By the time the ships left Nootka hardly a bit of metal was left aboard except what belonged to their instruments, and the brass buttons had been stripped from many suits, so that the sailors had to tie their garments together with bits of string.

Cook speaks of the excellence of their decorative designs, and of their skill in handicraft, of which their thievish abilities were perhaps a perversion. With metal tools in their capable hands, they were able to produce more rapidly work of a greater degree of finish. Most of the large totem poles in our museums no doubt date from this time, and the arts and crafts of the West Coast probably reached their highest development during the period when the white traders flocked to the North Pacific in search of furs.



Captain Cook at Nootka, 1778

Loyalists Camping on the St. Lawrence

At the close of the Revolutionary War a flood of Loyalist immigrants poured into Canada from the revolted colonies. Temporary settlements of the exiles were established at Sorel, Chambly and other places in Quebec, where they were sheltered in hastily-constructed huts and barracks, and fed with government rations until lands could be set aside for them.

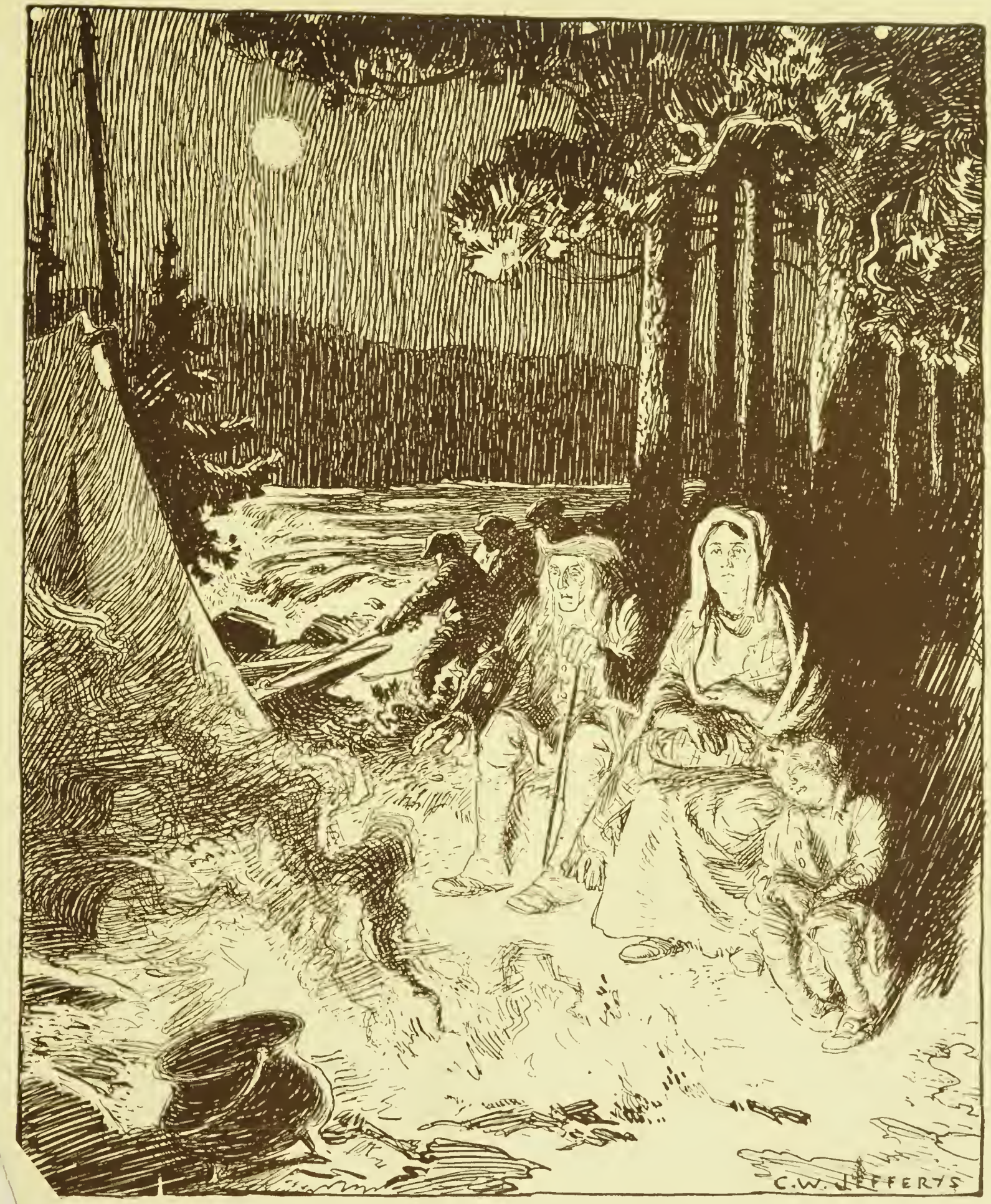
The refugees arrived destitute, and with hearts filled with bitter resentment against their one-time neighbours. Their houses had been looted and burned, their stock driven away or killed, the properties of all who had aided the King's cause were confiscated, many of them had been jailed, some had been tarred and feathered, others had seen their relatives slaughtered. New homes must be provided for these exiles. The government planned to settle many of them along the north shore of the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario from the Quebec boundary to the Bay of Quinte. Surveyors were sent into the new territory, and during the winter of 1783-84 the land was divided into townships and laid out in lots. There were no roads, some Indian trails led through the dense woods; but the only highways were the lakes and rivers, and canoes and boats the only means of transportation.

Early in the summer of 1784, the settlers were assembled for their journey to Upper Canada. In assigning their lands, men from the same regiment and those coming from the same district were, as far as possible, kept together, and neighbours could still be neighbours, while Protestants and Roman Catholics were grouped into communities of their own faith. The Loyalists of this first summer's migration numbered nearly four thousand persons and it touches our sympathies to know that of these almost a third were children.

Hundreds of bateaux, long, open shallow boats with pointed ends, carried the settlers and their scanty baggage, their provisions, and some tents for shelter against stormy weather. The journey was long and toilsome. Day after day they pulled at the oar, or pushed the boats against the swift current with long iron-shod poles. Rapids broke the river into a smother of foam and tumbling waters, where the boats had to creep close to shore or be carried overland, while the voyagers, laden with their goods, tramped across the portages. Mosquito-bitten, burned with the sun, drenched with rain storms, and damp with the river mists, cooped for hours in the crowded boats, one can imagine something of the discomforts of the settlers as they toiled up the river. But doubtless, too, there was much that was enjoyable on the journey. Days of clear skies, bright sunshine and cool breezes, the colour of the forest-clothed banks, the exhilaration of the rushing waters, the trout and maskalonge caught, the ducks or an occasional deer shot to vary the rations of salt pork and biscuit—these were things that they would remember. Probably, too, they lightened the journey with Gaelic songs and the skirl of the pipes from the Highlanders on their way to the settlements of Stormont and Glengarry.

At nightfall they drew up to the shore and moored their bateaux. While the men put up the tents, or hauled the boats ashore, family groups gathered around the camp fires, the older folk warmed their cramped and chilled limbs in the blaze, the children drowsed, mothers soothed their fretful infants. Above and around them stretched the endless trees, the great river rushed ceaselessly past them; and at such times, in the vast solitude, memories must have come to them of the familiar homes they had left, of scenes and faces never to be looked upon again, and fears and anxieties for the unknown future that lay before them and their children.

They have left but scanty records of their feelings or their experiences, for the task of building new homes in the wilderness left them little leisure; but from a few old letters and diaries we can see that for the most part they faced their difficulties with cheerful courage. Rarely do we catch a word that gives us a realization of the first heartbreaking years of their exile, such, for instance, as fell from the lips of the grandmother of Sir Leonard Tilley —"Such a feeling of loneliness came over me that, although I had not shed a tear through all the war, I sat down on the damp moss with my baby in my lap and cried."



Loyalists Camping on the St. Lawrence, 1784

Mackenzie at the Arctic

In 1779, a boy of fifteen years of age began work as a clerk in the counting-house of Gregory, McLeod and Co., merchants, of Montreal. He was named Alexander Mackenzie and was born in Stornoway, in the Island of Lewis, in Scotland. His mother had died when he was a child, and his father, Kenneth, went with his son to New York in 1774. Young Alexander was sent to Montreal, where he attended school. In the year after he began to work his father died and the boy was left alone to make his way in the world.

He was a hard-working, reliable and persevering youth. During the five years that he worked for his employers he won their confidence in his ability, judgment and honesty, and when only twenty years of age they took him into partnership.

The fur trade was the backbone of Canadian business at this period. Montreal merchants sent their employees with canoe-loads of goods far into the north and west, which were exchanged for the skins of beaver and other wild animals, which swarmed in the northern wilderness.

Mackenzie's company pushed their trade into this vast territory, and the young partner was sent to the Churchill river. In 1787, his firm united with their powerful rivals, the North West Co. Mackenzie was given charge of the far northwestern district of Athabasca. Fights between the competing traders had demoralized the Indians and almost ruined the trade; but Mackenzie proved capable and enterprising, and soon put the business on a sound footing. He built a new post, which he named Fort Chipewyan, on the Lake of the Hills, to-day called Lake Athabasca.

Successful trader and business man though he was, Mackenzie had the spirit of adventure, and was not content with the routine of Indian traffic. He felt a keen desire to explore the unknown country, which lay all around him. In the preface to the account of his voyages, which he afterwards wrote, he gives a good description of himself. "Being endowed by Nature with an inquisitive mind and an enterprising spirit; possessing also a constitution and frame of body equal to the most arduous undertakings, and being familiar with toilsome exertion, I not only contemplated the practicability of penetrating across the continent, but was confident in the qualifications to undertake the perilous enterprise."

Traders and Indians told him stories of a great river that would lead to that Western Sea, which so many explorers had sought. Out of the western corner of Lake Athabasca ran the Slave river to the Great Slave Lake, from which flowed another and a greater river. This much was known; but whither did it flow? Might it not empty into the Pacific and prove to be the long-sought route to the Western Coast? Mackenzie determined to find out for himself.

On the third of June, 1789, he started from Fort Chipewyan on his voyage of discovery. He took with him five French Canadians, two of them accompanied by their wives, a German and several Indians. They travelled in three birch-bark canoes, laden with a small store of provisions, goods for presents to the Indians, blankets, nets for fishing, and an ample supply of ammunition, since they relied principally upon the game of the country for their subsistence. With this meagre equipment, and a stout heart and a clear head Mackenzie embarked upon his great adventure.

On Great Slave Lake they were delayed several days by ice. They spent their time hunting and fishing: wild ducks, geese and swans were flying north, beaver, deer and caribou were plentiful, and the lakes and rivers were full of fish. On the 21st, the ice was melted sufficiently to allow them to make some progress. With the thaw came swarms of mosquitoes, and thereafter they were tormented continually by these pests. Some days were spent in searching for the outlet to the unknown river. At last, on the 29th, they found the westward flowing stream, known to-day as the Mackenzie

river. At that season in those northern latitudes, there was almost continuous daylight: they started early and camped late, and Mackenzie urged on his men to their utmost speed. To the westward, after some days, they saw the distant Rocky Mountains, and before long the river began to trend northward.

At several places, they saw Indians. Mackenzie went ashore and made friends with them, giving them presents of knives, beads and hatchets. They told him fearful tales of the dangers ahead of him, of stupendous waterfalls, fierce and bloodthirsty natives, huge and horrible monsters. Mackenzie was not influenced by these stories, but his own Indians were alarmed, and wished to turn back, and it required all his tact and firmness to keep them to their work, and to induce some of the natives to act as guides.

On the 10th, he took an observation, and found that he was farther north and east than he had expected, and concluded that the waters, instead of flowing into the Western Sea, led to the Arctic Ocean. On the 11th, Mackenzie sat up all night and saw the midnight sun. Next day the banks became lower, and the river divided into several channels. He had reached the Delta, and was near the end of the voyage.

As they proceeded, the water grew shallower: ice and snow were seen in the valleys. There were no trees except a few stunted willows, but short grass and wild flowers were growing in profusion. On the 12th, they reached a high island, to the west of which lay a large expanse of water, bounded by solid ice. Mackenzie landed, and climbed to the highest point of the island. The ice-barrier extended from the southwest far to the eastward, and further progress was impossible. They camped on the island, and that night the tide rose and they had to remove their baggage beyond its reach. They were on the sea-shore; but it was the Arctic Ocean and not the Pacific which they had reached.

For three days they remained, seeking for an outlet through the ice, fishing to help out their provisions, which were running low, and hoping to meet some Eskimos, from whom they might learn something about the country. On the 14th of July, Mackenzie erected a post on the island, and engraved on it a record of his visit. The island he named Whale Island from the white whales which he saw off the shore.

Speedy return was necessary, and Mackenzie, two days later, made for the river and began his homeward journey. It was harder work against the strong current: in many places the canoes had to be hauled by the men walking in the water up to their waists, or scrambling along the rocky banks which tore their moccasins to pieces. The Indians gave them some trouble, game was scarce, their canoes required frequent repairs; but on the 12th of September all arrived safely at Fort Chipewyan. The journey had covered 2,990 miles and had occupied 102 days. It was a wonderful exploit: but it was plain that the way to the Western Sea must be sought elsewhere than by the great river.

The picture shows Mackenzie looking at the Arctic Ocean from the summit of Whale Island. The long shadows on the ground indicate the low unsetting sun, and the fluttering garments of the men suggest the strong northwest gale which Mackenzie says blew during their stay.

Mackenzie at the Arctic, 1789

Father Lacombe and the Blackfeet

The coming of the railroad into the prairie country stirred the minds of the Indians of the West with uneasy forebodings. They saw in the surveyors with their instruments, measuring out the lands, magicians of evil omen, putting a "bad medicine" upon the country and its people. As they watched the long rails creeping resistlessly across the plains, the hordes of labourers at work, the endless loads of supplies, the iron monsters that followed, bellowing smoke and flame, their fears increased, and they began to realize more keenly the approach of the white flood which was to overwhelm them. Already the buffalo had gone, and isolated settlers had planted themselves here and there on the lands over which for ages the red man had roamed. They had met the white chiefs in council, and by one treaty after another had surrendered their rights in exchange for the sustenance which the plains no longer yielded them. Numerous and extensive areas of land had been set aside throughout the country for the various bands; but most of the territory they had given up was still unoccupied, and the boundaries of their Reserves as yet were merely lines on the unbroken prairie. The building of the railroad showed them clearly that the wandering freedom of their old life was over.

They watched its steady advance with sullen discontent, which sometimes broke into passionate protest, and on a few occasions into active opposition. Among others, the Cree chief, Piapot, set himself to obstruct the progress of track-laying. He pitched his camp across the right-of-way, and refused to move, while his braves galloped threateningly around the railway men, whooping and firing their guns. Word was sent to the nearest Mounted Police post, and a sergeant and a constable rode swiftly to the camp. Piapot refused to obey the orders of the police. The sergeant strode to Piapot's teepee and kicked out the poles; the other tents were pulled down in the same way, and cowed by the cool intrepidity of the two policemen, Piapot and his braves shifted the obstructing camp, and the work of track-laying proceeded unmolested.

Steadily the iron road crept westward till it reached the Blackfoot country. Here the survey lines had been run through a portion of the Reserve allotted to this warlike tribe, some sixty miles east of Calgary. It was the intention of the government to compensate the Indians for the land taken for the railway; but through some departmental carelessness, at the time only too common when Western affairs were concerned, no word of this had been sent to them. When the labourers began to lay the rails on the lands of the Reserve, a crowd of angry Indians met them and tore up the track. Their great chief, Crowfoot, forbade the railway men to enter upon their lands, and bloodshed was threatened if they persisted. This meant serious trouble, for the Blackfoot confederacy was the most numerous and formidable body of Indians in the Northwest.

One man there was who might be able to allay their excitement and hostility. It was Father Albert Lacombe, the missionary, who years ago had earned the name of "The Man with the Good Heart" among the Blackfeet by his devoted services during the epidemics of smallpox that ravaged their camps. He was the friend of every tribe, at home in every lodge, a peace-maker, a ready helper in times of famine, a man upon whose word the Indians relied with absolute confidence. To him at Calgary the railway builders sent word of the trouble. He rode for the Blackfoot Reserve at once. There he found the Indians resolutely confronting the labourers, determined that not a rail should be laid across their lands. Father Lacombe gave his word of honour that the government would give them other lands in payment for the right-of-way, and won their consent to allow the tracks to be laid through the Reserve.

It was but one of the many errands of peace that he undertook during more than fifty years' missionary service among the Indians, the Métis, the railroad labourers and the settlers. To the influence of the missionaries, Catholic and Protestant alike, is due very largely the peace-

ful settlement of the Canadian West, and among them none rendered more extensive and valuable service than Father Lacombe. For the Indian, in particular, he had an intelligent sympathy and a ready intuition, which perhaps was quickened by the slight strain of Indian blood which he inherited. In 1695, a party of Algonquin warriors captured the eldest daughter of a habitant farmer at St. Sulpice, on the St. Lawrence below Montreal, and carried her off to Sault Ste. Marie, where she was forced to become the wife of one of the Indian raiders. Five years later she managed to escape with her two infant children, when a party of traders visited the Sault, and she was recognized by an uncle who was among them. She was restored to her family, and one of the rescued children became the ancestor of Father Lacombe. Close rooted to the soil, the family clung to the home by the St. Lawrence, and it was on the same farm from which the little French girl had been carried away that the great Indian missionary was born in 1827. Eighty-nine years later he died in the home for orphans and the aged poor which he had established at Midnapore in Alberta, after a life-time full of adventure and of work for the welfare of his fellow men, red and white.

Father Lacombe and the Blackfeet

The Battle of Batoche

To most Canadians the outbreak of the Northwest Rebellion in the early spring of 1885 came with the startling suddenness of an earthquake.

When Manitoba became a province, many of the Métis of the Red River valley, inheriting the roving and independent habits of their ancestors, the Indians and voyageurs of the old fur-trading companies, were unable to adjust themselves to the changing conditions brought about by the inrush of white settlers. Many trekked westward to the South Saskatchewan, where between Prince Albert and Saskatoon they planted a colony along the river banks. Here they lived in an isolated community of primitive farmers, hunters and fishermen.

But as the population of the West increased, the buffalo became exterminated, and soon the Métis, as well as the Indians, felt the loss of their main food supply. With the building of the railway came surveyors, land speculators, farming settlers. The Métis held no legal title to the lands on which they had squatted; their homes as well as their means of subsistence were imperilled. Some of them demanded treaty money on the strength of their Indian blood, some claimed that they were entitled to scrip for land. The government delayed decision, land patents were withheld, and protests and suggestions all seemed to fall upon deaf official ears. Meanwhile the surveyors ran their squared lines across the prairie, and settlers, traders, and speculators steadily trickled in.

In the summer of 1884, the Métis sent a delegation to Louis Riel in Montana, where he had been living for some years, after the Red River Rebellion of 1869, asking him to come back and help them to win their rights. He came back, and set himself to the work of agitation. By the spring of 1885 he had stirred himself and his followers to the pitch of armed rebellion. The neighbouring Indians, who had grievances of their own, naturally sympathised with their half-breed kinsfolk. Riel urged them to join in rising against the whites; but thanks to the influence of the Mounted Police, and the missionaries, the majority of the Indians took no part in the outbreak. Many of the more restless braves, however, in whose hearts still smouldered the old savage fire, took the warpath, in defiance of the advice of their tribal leaders.

When the news came that blood had been shed by the Métis at Duck Lake on the 26th of March, and that Indian massacre had been committed at Frog Lake a few days later, the government and the public awoke to the seriousness of the situation. The militia was promptly called out. Men, arms, ammunition and supplies were rushed to the Northwest. The C.P.R. tracks had been laid as far as the Rockies, with the exception of a few gaps along the north shore of Lake Superior. Across these the troops were transported in sleighs, or made their way on foot over the ice-bound lake or through the snow along the shore.

Three columns were directed toward the disturbed districts. The western one, under General Strange, marched to Edmonton, thence following the North Saskatchewan in quest of the rebellious Crees with Big Bear; the centre one led by Colonel Otter, pushed across country from Swift Current to relieve Battleford; while the eastern column, numbering about eight hundred and fifty, under General Middleton, the commander-in-chief, struck from Qu'Appelle toward the Métis headquarters at Batoche.

Middleton's column reached the South Saskatchewan and marched down its banks to Fish Creek. Here they encountered a party of Indians and Métis, under the command of Gabriel Dumont, an old buffalo hunter, the military leader of the rebels. After several hours of difficult fighting which cost the troops ten killed and forty wounded, the rebels retired.

Middleton waited for reinforcements and supplies, and then pushed on towards Batoche, some miles down the river. On the 9th of May the column came within sight of the village. From the flat or slightly rolling open prairie, over which the troops advanced, a slope, covered with thick scrub and dense woods of

poplar and willow, and cut up by coulees or ravines, led to a lower flat, on which stood the little village. All along the upper slope, just below its crest, screened by the thick bush, the Métis had dug rifle pits. About thirty of these pits can still be seen and show how cleverly Dumont made use of the natural features of the ground.

Most of the rebels were expert marksmen, and all knew how to take advantage of every bit of protecting cover; but many of their weapons were muzzle-loading muskets, and their ammunition was too scanty for a prolonged siege. The majority of the troops were men called from offices, ships and factories. Several companies of scouts, mounted and on foot, made up for the deficiencies of the militia in local knowledge and experience, and were of invaluable service, while artillery, and a Gatling gun, an early form of machine gun, a new American invention, gave the government forces the advantage of a heavier fire.

A stern-wheel steamer, the Northcote, accompanied the troops down stream. Protected by bags of oats, planks, and boxes of tinned provisions, and manned by a company of infantry regulars, she was to attack the flank of the rebel position. But the Métis fire riddled the wheelhouse, and drove the steersmen to shelter, the wire cable of the ferry stretched across the river tore down the smokestack, and the steamer drifted helpless out of the fight below the village.

Meanwhile the troops advanced to the edge of the slope. Here they were held up by the heavy fire of the hidden enemy, and though the artillery and the Gatling were brought up, it was impossible to make further advance without serious loss of life. Middleton withdrew the troops from their exposed position and sheltered them in a hastily entrenched camp for the night. The next day and the next were repetitions of the same skirmishing attacks, whch gained little ground, but gave the raw soldiers confidence, and practice in keeping themselves under cover.

On the fourth day, Tuesday, the 12th of May, the General decided to attack the Métis vigorously and capture the position. His plan was to attack, with all his mounted men, one gun and the Gatling, about a mile northeast of the village, and thus draw the Métis to defend that part of their line. Meanwhile the infantry were to take up their old positions, and when the sound of firing was heard from the direction of the General's attack, they were to press forward in full strength. Middleton set off across the prairie and opened fire. A strong wind was blowing from the southwest, and little firing was heard by the expectant infantry, and they were not ordered to advance. Middleton waited, but seeing no sign of their movement, returned with his force at noon, "much annoyed," as he says that his orders had not been obeyed.

After dinner the infantry took up their old positions in the firing line. Officers and men were now weary of the tedious daily skirmishing, and impatient to come to closer action. They pressed forward into the bush, and, cheering, rushed the rifle pits. The guns opened fire upon the village, and the whole force rapidly advanced. The Métis were put to flight and the village was occupied. The backbone of the Rebellion was broken.

Dumont escaped to Montana, whence he returned years later to spend his last days peacefully among his own people. Riel was captured three days after the battle, tried at Regina, and on November 16th, executed. Eight Indians found guilty of murder were hanged at Battleford. Poundmaker surrendered, as did Big Bear, after a harassing pursuit of many weeks. They, and a number of Métis, were sentenced to imprisonment, but all were released before their full terms were served.

Batoche to-day is but a name: of the Métis village only the church, the priest's house, still showing an attic window with a bullet hole through it, and one other building, remain. In the little graveyard a small monument bears the names of the brave, misguided Métis and Indians who fell in the last armed conflict in which Canadians faced each other, and who now lie beneath a group of grey lichen covered wooden crosses nearby.

The Battle of Batoche, 1885

Charles W. Jefferys, though born in England, is a Canadian artist in every sense of the term, for practically all his life has been spent in the Dominion. An early apprenticeship as a lithographer was to stand him later in good stead, as was seven years' experience in newspaper work during which, in 1900, an opportunity came to him with the royal tour of Canada by the Duke of York (now George V.) His newspaper sketches of the tour brought public favour. Thereafter his course was one of steady advancement.

Originals of his work hang in the National Gallery, Ottawa, the Toronto Art Gallery, and all important Canadian exhibitions. Coloured prints and reproductions of a number of them have been adopted by hundreds of schools as a supplement to the teaching of history.

When the palatial new Manor Richelieu was completed recently at Murray Bay, Que., Mr. Jefferys was commissioned to execute the two fine panels adorning the main lobby.

Mr. Jefferys is a Royal Canadian Academician and a member of the Ontario Society of Artists, of which body he was president for six years. He was also a founder member and the first president of the Society of Graphic Art.

The work of the historical painter requires an amount of reading and personal research out of all proportion to the time taken for the actual painting.

"Then, too," says a contemporary biographer of Charles W. Jefferys, "the exigencies of the subject often introduce special difficulties into the problem of composition. For example, the artist may see the picture in his mind's eye, the figures grouped so and so on a bright sunny day; then he discovers undeniable evidence that the day was dull and cloudy, and the figures could not possibly have been grouped as he imagined them. A knock down blow like this is fatal to the average artist's inspiration, but Jefferys seems to thrive on it; or more probably he knows so much about Canadian history that he avoids the blow. Every picture is with him a matter for careful independent research of the original sources . . . Then there must be a special study of contemporary costume, weapons and so forth. The topography of the background will need attention, and perhaps demand a special visit to the scene . . . In short, the historical painter, as well as being an artist, must be also an expert in the history of costume, armour, interior decoration, furniture, domestic and naval architecture. He must be familiar with the original sources, both verbal and pictorial, have a vivid historic imagination, the sceptical mind of the scientist, the industry of a beaver, and the nose of a detective for clues."

—From the "Handbook to Nelson's Pictures of Canadian History."

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Charles W. Jefferys is the greatest historical painter in Canada to-day but there are several further reasons which make this volume one of the most outstanding literary and artistic achievements of the time.

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